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A N

# E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

O F

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

*K*

*aff*

*Neget quis Carmina Gallo?*

*Illum etiam Lauri, etiam flevete Myrice. VIRG. ECLOG. x.*

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE  
ODE TO THE WARLIKE GENIUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

L O N D O N:  
FOR THE AUTHOR,

Printed at LAIDLER'S OFFICE, Princes-Street, Leicester-Fields;

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St. Paul's Church-Yard; KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street; RIDLEY,  
St. James's Street; and W. DAVIS, Piccadilly.

M DCC LXXIX.

N. B. From the Haste in which this little Extemporaneous Attempt towards an Elegy was at first written, the Author hath thought proper to make some Addition and Correction; tho' he fears, that the Poem is, even yet, unworthy of that distinguished Character it was intended to honour, or of that Attention, with which it hath been received by the Public.





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An ELEGY, &c.

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I.

YE HELICONIAN VIRGINS, say !  
Where were ye on the fatal Day  
GARRICK resign'd his Breath :  
Say ! could not your immortal Song,  
One favour'd Mortal's Life prolong,  
And charm the Rage of Death.

II.

Ye mournful Muses, Heavenly fair,  
To BRITAIN's pensive Isle repair,  
On Fancy's soaring Wing ;  
Upon the sad and solemn Lyre,  
Soft Pity's melting Notes inspire,  
And sound the plaintive String.

B

Let

*Heliconian Virgins, say,] Classical Imitation,*

*Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere Puellæ ?*

VIRG.

A N E L E G Y.

III.

Let AVON's Banks and Meads along,  
Re-eccho to the Næial Song,  
On her deserted Shore ;  
Where Fancy's Child with Fairies play'd,  
On Ground enchanted wildly stray'd,  
Her Swans shall sing no more ;

IV.

With printless Feet, where Genii trod,  
Where fancied Shapes and Elves abode :  
SHAKESPEARE's creative Pen  
To airy Forms gave local Birth,  
And cloth'd them like the Sons of Earth :  
And now they weep, like Men !

V.

Ye Muses, from Castalia's Spring  
Ambrosial Dews, and Odours bring  
To shed o'er ROSCIUS' Head :  
The God of Wit and heavenly Sound,  
PHOEBUS ! shall stretch his Mantle round,  
By HEBE's Fingers spread,

'Till

*The God of Wit]* Alluding to APOLLO's preserving the Dead Body of HECTOR,  
*Homer. Iliad. Lib. 22.*



A N E L E G Y.

VI.

'Till his fair Form be peaceful laid,  
Beneath the Cloister'd awful Shade  
Where Kings retire to rest:  
Where Worthies, Warriors, Sages lie,  
(Impatient for the upper Sky)  
A fit and welcome Guest!

VII.

In that Recess and sacred Shrine,  
Where sleep the Children of the Nine:  
At SHAKESPEARE's statued Feet  
His favour'd Actor laid along,  
The Shades of Harmony and Song,  
With Sounds angelic greet!

VIII.

BRITANNIA's Sons the Tomb shall raise,  
And, sacred to her ROSCIUS' Praise,  
The sculptur'd Marble stand;  
The Worth of him, who lies below,  
The lasting Verse engrav'd shall show,  
Wrote by the Muse's Hand.

With

*Cloister'd Shade.] Westminster-Abbey.*

*Shakespeares statued feet]* Mr. GARRICK was buried in the Poet's Corner, near  
the Foot of SHAKESPEARE's Statue.

A N A L E G Y.

IX.

With pallid Cheek---dishevell'd Hair,  
And woe-worn Features of Despair,

MELPOMENE is seen:

Horror in thy distracted Eye!  
Why dost thou quit thy native Sky,  
Thou dagger-scepter'd Queen?

X.

Why weep'st thou o'er thy Darling's Grave?  
From Destiny thou could'st not save,

Or stop departing Breath;

With Anguish, Grief, and Rage oppress'd,  
Why point the Dagger to thy Breast?  
Goddess! exempt from Death!

XI.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar Throng,  
In woeful Plight, who glides along?

Hail! lovely Mourner, fair!

Where is thy wonted Smile and Glee?  
Laughing THALIA!---chang'd we see,  
E'en thou can'st shed the Tear,

Meant



A N E L E G Y.

XII.

Mean Time, BRITANNIA'S Daughters ! bring  
The blooming Violets of Spring,  
To strew o'er ROSCIUS' Bier !  
From your admiring Eyes he drew,  
The balmy Drop of Pity's Dew,  
For old enfeebled LEAR !

XIII.

The Passions' Master lowly lies,  
Lo ! Death's cold Hand hath clos'd his Eyes,  
That shone with Lustre bright ;  
Around his consecrated Urn,  
Let Anguish weep and Anger burn,  
And Envy die with Spite.

XIV.

Ye Muse-inspir'd, lament his End,  
Who, living, was the Muses' Friend,  
The Drama's Loss deplore !  
Where is aspiring RICHARD fled ?  
In ROSCIUS' Grave, MACBETH lies dead ;  
And HAMLET is no more !

A N E L E G Y.

XV.

Ye Sons of Mirth and Gallantry,  
No more your sprightly RANGER see!  
Or BENEDICT admire;  
Loft with the Archness of his Eye,  
DRUGGER and LEON breathless lie,  
And KITELY shall expire.

XVI.

With SHAKESPEARE's Fire his Breast was fraught,  
'Twas he embodied SHAKESPEARE's Thought :  
Where the Bard's Fancy flew,  
He caught the Phrenzy in his Eye,  
(Rolling from Earth unto the Shy,)  
And gave the Portrait true.

XVII.

And thou, dear Partner of his Soul!  
Thy unavailing Grief controul!  
Within thy spotless Breast  
(Fresh as from REYNOLD's pencil'd Hand,)  
His long-lov'd Image still shall stand,  
In the "Mind's Eye" exprest.

Let

*Phrenzy in his Eye*] The Poet's Eye in a fine Phrenzy rolling. SHAKESPEARE.



A N E L E G Y.

XVIII.

Let brighter Scenes from Glory's Sky,  
Delight the Vision of that Eye,  
Beyond Life's shorten'd Span :  
Ope'd by the rosy-finger'd Hours,  
Behold bright Fame's expanded Bowers,  
Receive the wonderful Man.

XIX.

While Science fires her Sons on Earth,  
While BRITAIN gives to Genius Birth,  
While AVON's Stream shall flow ;  
The Stage, while buskin'd Actors tread,  
While SHAKESPEARE's living Page is read,  
His Praise no Bounds shall know.

11:7:49

F I N I S.